

Tuesday. 24. 4. 45.

Sweetheart

I have come to bed to write to you tonight cos somehow I just wanted to shut the door on the world, and feel your presence all around me in our own little room.

Your pipes are all in their stand, and the tobacco jar and ash tray have been polished up and now reside on the chest too. How that there is no danger of a blitz I like to keep all our treasured possessions on show. It's funny how quickly a home grows. Just a few personal things, a photograph or two, and a room

Soon breathes an atmosphere. I
Switch your photos over occasionally,
but my favourite these days is
the P.O. one, and I guess that's
because it's the way I saw you
last.

I wonder where we shall go
for our next honeymoon angel? Do
you ever dream of our meeting too.

Often I find my thoughts
wandering at the office, and looking
up at the sky I picture you
getting off a train all sunburned,
and I'll be waiting on the
platform to hold your hand and
Smile my love to you again once
more. Stay as sweet as you are
lovely, even if the climate should

get you down at times. And
darling, please, always wear a
hat, and don't overdo the sun-
bathing cos it is just about the
most dangerous & weakening thing
in the world. Promise me please
honey to do all ^{that} the medical
people advise, and take all the
sensible precautions. I know you
will, darling, but you know how
these stupid women like to fall
over their menfolk!

And now hubby-unnie, I'm
gonna switch of the light & make
believe that you're in my arms.

Goodnight,

Love.

P.S. Those three little words still go. x

**FORCES
LETTER**

Not suitable
for enclosures



POST EARLY
IN
THE DAY



15

P/mt. L.H. WESTAWAY.

P/mx. 500221.

CHEETAH

~~Mrs BRAGANZA~~

~~c/o G.P.O.~~

~~London~~

Second fold here

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Sender's name and address :-

Clare Westaway
88A Bellegrave Road
Welling, Kent
England.

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